

ONTWAART

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Ontwaakt

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF LEUVEN, BELGIUM - DAY - VARIOUS

Light rainfall as a MAN on an ordinary bicycle pedals quickly toward the Leuven University campus. We do not see his face. Well dressed, not too formal, not too casual.

In the bicycle basket is a small black briefcase and a stainless steel Thermos.

EXT. LEUVEN CAMPUS BIKE RACK

The man arrives at the rack, rapidly gets off his bike, starts locking it down.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Morning, professor!

MAN
(pleasant)
Goeiemorgen!

INT. LEUVEN CLASSROOM - DAY

Door opens to classroom. The man enters, we follow his legs around revealing the space within: Wood panels, arena seating on the smaller side. Lots of students quietly wait. At the head of the class is a long desk in front of a set of blackboards, and a projection screen. Behind all this is a small sink area.

A nameplate on the desk reads PROFESSOR JAN BAKKER.

Now we see the man: Good-looking, 34, business casual, no jacket. He quickly puts his briefcase on the desk, looks at the students suspiciously.

JAN
What are you all doing here?

Small laughter from students as he puts the Thermos on the desk, opens the briefcase, pulls folders, books, a laptop. He connects the laptop to a cable on the desk, opens the lid to a PowerPoint window.

JAN (CONT'D)
You're early, I see.

Chuckles. Jan pushes a button on a desk console. On the overhead screen appears a sentence, in English: *The water is deepest where no one goes*. Jan opens the Thermos, grabs a coffee cup from the sink.

JAN (CONT'D)
Yes, I'm late. But never too late.
Remember that.
(unscrews the Thermos)
Back to where we left off.
(pours coffee from
Thermos)
How would you fix the sentence?

Several raised hands. Jan thinks, picks one.

JAN (CONT'D)
Yes.

FEMALE STUDENT
By moving words. *Very deep water is
where you will find no one.*

JAN
Ah. Too literal. No coffee for you.

Small laughs. Jan sighs deeply as he puts the top back on the Thermos. He walks to the front area, sits on the desk. He pulls a stopwatch from a pocket, clicks it.

ANGLE OF: Watch face, hand starts moving from 12 to 1.

BACK TO: Jan puts the watch on the desk.

JAN (CONT'D)
The sentence is tricky. "Goes" has double meaning in English. More than double. So, we must uncover the truth, the reality, by being very clear. And this is the most important thing with language. It must be easily understood. So with that, if we...

CROSS-FADE:

INT. JAN'S CLASSROOM - LATER

ANGLE OF: Stopwatch, now at 35 minutes.

BACK TO: JAN, who writes and speaks at the blackboard. On the desk next to him is an empty cup, on the blackboard is the word "goes" with other words under it: swims, lives, breathes. Jan writes the word "dies" under these words.

JAN

...and this could mean either the end or the beginning, depending. That is to say, if we take the word "dies" literally, it can of course mean death, or it can mean something else. In this case—

Jan is distracted by a light at the back of the classroom, one that wasn't there before. It's behind the students, in the corner of the ceiling. It doesn't look right, and seems to be *in* the room, yet elsewhere.

JAN (CONT'D)

I, yes, um...

Jan is baffled by the light. His personality gets a little blank as he tries to figure out what it is. Almost in a trance, he walks up the stairs toward the light, which is blue-white in the center and white-yellow at the edges. It slowly gets brighter and wider, with different areas of color inside of it and small flares all around.

No one sees it but Jan.

A sound fades in, like a faraway chorus of VOICES or maybe just static. Hard to tell. Jan stops, looks around. There's no source for the light or sound in the ceiling corner. It's all just *there*. And yet, the light appears to have the wrong perspective, as if closer than it really is. Perhaps farther.

Jan extends his hands, waves them around. There is no shadow. By now the students are confused, with AD LIB murmuring. Jan's mouth slightly opens as if to speak to the light, but there is nothing. The sound of chorus static get louder.

And then, it's all gone. Light, sound, poof.

Jan looks around the classroom, not at the students but at the walls and window.

MALE STUDENT

Professor?

Jan snaps out of it. He seems most intrigued by it all. On this, a BUZZER sounds and class is over. The students rise and begin to leave.

JAN
Wait, wait!

The students slow their exit. Jan quickly hops down to the front and takes one of the books from his desk.

JAN (CONT'D)
Don't forget! Essays due Thursday
next. Okay, get out.

Chuckles as the students go. Jan tidies his work area but stops to look back toward the ceiling. Not with fear or dread, but with curiosity.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Leuven University front office area. A business casual attractive WOMAN, 32, stands near a desk, examines a piece of paper. Nearby a female student worker, 20, green hair, sits intensely in front of a flatscreen computer, inputs data.

Jan enters. The standing woman doesn't look up. Nor does the sitting student.

JAN
Hallo?

The woman looks up from her paper, smiles.

LINDA
Do you have an appointment, sir?

Jan walks over, first addresses the sitting girl.

JAN
How are you today, Sarah?

The student doesn't look up, and barely moves at all.

SARAH
Good, professor.

JAN
(to Linda)
I have to stay again. Papers.

LINDA
Mm. No dinner for you.

JAN
Just an hour.

Jan sneaks a look around, to make sure no one sees them. He leans to Linda, and they quickly kiss.

LINDA
I'll take the kids. For ice cream.

JAN
Yes, they need the sugar.
(smiles)
Were the electricians in my wing today? Or computer guys?

LINDA
Nothing on that side of campus.
Why?

JAN
There was— an odd light. Maybe a bad bulb, or something. I don't know. Anyway, back to papers.

LINDA
Okay. See you soon.

They sneak another quick kiss. Which is easy, because Sarah is still locked to her screen.

JAN
Cheers, Sarah.

SARAH
Yes.

Jan and Linda smile at each other. Jan leaves, waves goodbye. Linda does too.

INT. JAN'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Jan grades papers under the desk's LED lamp. He's a bit worn out, has a hot coffee next to him. After a few beats of grading and writing, something catches his eye:

On the floor next to the desk, in a shadowy area, is a luminous, glowing clock face. Like something from a theatre. Only clock hands along with small rectangles that represent numbers. The time is 9:37.

Jan stares for a moment, check his phone screen.

ANGLE OF: Jan's phone screen clock reads 7:57 PM.

BACK TO: Jan, who unseats and squats next to the clock face on the floor. Again he hears the former odd sound of voices, or static.

Jan tries to touch the clock but his hand goes directly through the floor, as if the floor isn't there. Jan pulls his hand back, the clock face vanishes. Jan tries the spot again, his hand doesn't go through.

In disbelief, Jan stands and walks back to his desk, thinks for a moment. He examines his coffee cup, looks deep into the coffee itself. Then he pours it into the sink behind him.

EXT. BIKE RACK - TWILIGHT

Jan at the bike rack. No one around. Sweet light.

He disconnects his security chain from bike. As he does so, he becomes dizzy, perhaps nauseous. He holds the bike rack for stability. The entire world begins tilting sideways. Slowly. The strange static sound returns, along with a deep bass hum.

The tilting continues, like gravity itself is failing. The landscape, trees, buildings start to stretch and change. Jan has to hug the rack to keep from being forced to the ground.

He looks up. Writing appears above him. Like the light in his classroom, it's shifted in perspective, seeming both near and far. The writing looks exactly like a group of LEDs put together. It says, "*Jan Bakker.*"

Jan stares at the writing, cannot believe it. He hears voices. A crowd. Indistinct, but getting louder. Someone O.S. yells, "Jan!" and then everything stops, goes back to normal. No letters, no shouter, no nothing. All is as it was.

Jan is shaken. After a couple beats he continues with his bike, keeps an eye on everything around him.

EXT. BAKKER FAMILY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jan drives his bicycle up to the family apartment, a thin, three story structure in a row of many others. Parked in a slot in front of the house is the family car, a well-used 1994 Volvo 850 station wagon.

Jan steps off the bike, stands and stares at the building. His face is sullen and a little scared. He rolls the bike toward the front door.

INT. BAKKER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jan enters the apartment, a clean and tasteful space, modern and efficient. He's immediately rushed by his two excited KIDS, a boy, 6, and a girl, 7. Jan's temperament changes instantly to joy and complete delight.

He and the kids embrace, AD LIB greetings. Jan acts like a big monster, picks them both up, carries one kid per arm.

LUCAS

Daddy, why are you late so much?

JAN

Oh, not so much!

EMMA

Sometimes, though.

JAN

Yes, well, daddy has to be very serious for his students. It's a very important responsibility.

LUCAS

Is school more important than we are?

JAN

Nooo! Never. Nothing is more important than you and your sister and mummy. Don't forget it!

EMMA

He knows. He's just stupid.

LUCAS

No, *you* are!

JAN

Hey, now, nobody here is stupid. Except the weather.

They all chuckle.

INT. BAKKER KITCHEN

Jan enters with kids in either arm. Linda prepares food.

LINDA

Okay, what shall we eat tonight?

EMMA
Ice cream!

JAN
Oooh, silly!

He cuddles with both the kids, then gently lets them free. They run over to see what Linda is doing. Linda bends down, slyly whispers something to Lucas. Lucas gets a huge smile, runs out of the kitchen and stomps up the stairs O.S.

JAN (CONT'D)
And what was that?

Linda makes a "Shhh!" sign with her finger to her lips.

EMMA
Mummy bought us presents today. I got a giraffe!

JAN
Presents?

LINDA
It's okay. I told them it's your turn tomorrow.

JAN
We have to be careful, Linda.

LINDA
Yes. But not *that* careful.

Jan walks to Linda, embraces her romantically. She likes it.

JAN
Every euro counts.

LINDA
(kisses him)
That's right. It does.

Stair stomping O.S. marks the return of Lucas and his interruption of their enchanted moment. Lucas enters the kitchen, arms spread wide like a game show host.

LUCAS
Look!

Lucas stands in the kitchen doorway, showing off his new shirt. It's a sports jersey with the number 11 in extremely bright and glowing LEDs, configured almost exactly like the "Jan Bakker" LEDs that Jan encountered at the bike rack. They are so radiant that they don't appear in proper perspective.

Jan freezes. His face blanks. He stares at the numbers, not knowing what to do. The kids think he's fooling about. Lucas laughs, starts spinning around and kicking the air. Sure enough, it's an LED-style shirt. Just a shirt.

LINDA

He thinks he's a footballer, now!

Jan catches himself, starts to laugh.

JAN

Yes, I see. Very nice!

Lucas fakes chasing a football. Jan turns and looks at Linda, gives her a quick kiss.

JAN (CONT'D)

You know, I'm just tired. That's all it is.

LINDA

Pardon?

JAN

Nevermind. Can I help you, here?

LINDA

Sure.

Jan proceeds to help.

EXT. BAKKER APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Quiet. And dark.

INT. BAKKER MASTER BEDROOM

Jan and Linda, together in bed. A pattern of light from outside divides the bed in two. Jan is awake, observes the ceiling in deep thought. He looks at his sleeping wife, smiles. But then he frowns.

JAN

(gently)

Linda? Linda?

Linda stirs.

JAN (CONT'D)

I have to talk to you.

She opens her eyes, a bit annoyed.

LINDA
What time is it?

JAN
Something's wrong.

LINDA
(now concerned)
The kids?!

JAN
No, no, it's *me*. I've seen odd things. Lights, and— I had an episode at the bike rack. I got really dizzy.

Linda puts his face in her hands.

LINDA
I knew it! You work too much, Jan. The kids see it and I see it. Your body knows! Listen to it.
(beat)
Make a doctor's appointment. Just to be sure. Please?

Jan thinks for moment. Considers. He smiles at Linda.

JAN
Maybe you're right.

LINDA
I'm always right.
(kisses him)

JAN
Sometimes.
(couple beats)
Okay, starting tomorrow, less time at work. I promise.

LINDA
At last. Can we get back to sleep?

JAN
I'm thirsty. Are you?

LINDA
Yes, for my pillow.

JAN
I'll just get a water.

Another quick kiss and Linda rolls back to her pillow. Jan strokes her hair for a moment, then leaves the bed.

INT. BAKKER APARTMENT HALLWAY

Jan walks silently into the doorway of the kids' room. Lucas and Emma are asleep in separate beds. Jan looks at them, smiles very contentedly. He sees the LED footballer shirt on the ground, inactive. He smiles, shakes his head, walks away.

INT. BAKKER KITCHEN

No lights, then lights. Jan enters, walks to a cupboard and pulls a glass. He runs the water a few seconds, checks the temperature. He then fills the glass, drinks in silence. A couple sips and he starts to frown. His left hand goes to his head. He's in pain, becomes dizzy, drops the glass. It bounces from a small wool rug, does not break.

Light suddenly floods the kitchen. Jan is crumbling to the ground. Noise is everywhere, the sound of many voices and a lot of cheering. It gets clearer and louder.

Jan falls to his knees, in agony. Shapes and forms are distorting, moving, expanding, contracting, spinning. LED numbers and letters. Other things.

Jan flops to the floor, turns over on his back. He stares at the ceiling, seems to be losing his breath.

JAN

Linda!!

In a moment we hear frantic footfalls O.S. We no longer see from the perspective of others. Only Jan. Linda rushes in, finds Jan on the ground. She runs to him.

LINDA

Oh no.

On this we hear the kids approaching O.S., from the stairs. They enter the kitchen, stand frightened and paralyzed in the doorway. Jan lifts his head, sees his kids. Behind them are two large LED numbers: 0 and 3, spaced widely apart.

Linda gets up, grabs her phone and AD LIB calls for medics.

JAN

Linda...

Everything is fading. Blending. Changing. New faces begin to emerge. Faces of MEN. Lights. Incredibly bright lights. LED numbers. 0 and 3. LED letters: "Jan Bakker".

EXT. BAUDOUIN STADIUM, BELGIUM - NIGHT

Jan lies on his back in the field of capacity-filled Baudouin Stadium, surrounded by pro football club personnel. A massive crowd cheers and chants. Stadium lights blind Jan.

Jan is now a footballer. His jersey number is 11. He was apparently injured during a game, and is crossways on his back near the enemy goal. The scoreboard registers 0 for the other team, and 3 for Jan's. A large clock on the left side of the scoreboard is exactly like the clock Jan saw on the floor of his classroom.

There is also a message on the scoreboard: "Jan Bakker". A beat or two later and the number 11 appears. The CLUB DOCTOR, 53, waves a hand in Jan's face, a quick cognitive test. He nods to someone nearby. AD LIBed yelling and instructions as Jan is placed on an orange stretcher, hauled away.

A sequence of chaos and vérité styling as we follow Jan's path, experience life as Jan does: The sight and scale of the stadium, the crowds, innumerable flashing cameras.

As his stretcher is carried away, we catch pieces and parts of more AD LIBed conversation about his football career. That he is a number one player. A celebrity, no less. Members of the press are all around the sidelines, shooting photos and video as Jan's stretcher goes by. The stadium crowd goes insane with support for Jan.

INT. BAUDOUIN STADIUM LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jan's stretcher is carried into a private locker room area.

By his face we can tell he's distressed and completely confused. But, he's still not mobile and can't move well. Jan's placed on an elevated table. He looks around at unknown faces, becomes quickly irritated.

JAN

Where are my kids?!

The CLUB COACH, 45, walks up just then. The doctor chuckles.

CLUB DOCTOR

Always joking. Even like this!

COACH EGON
But are you sure he's okay?

CLUB DOCTOR
He's coming out of it, yes.

Jan locks onto the coach, looks at him as if seeing a ghost.

JAN
Egon?!

COACH EGON
Yes, Jan, just relax. All is well.

JAN
You knew my father. But I haven't
seen you since—

COACH EGON
The last period?
(chuckles)
Zalig Kerstmis! Really, Jan, relax.
Oh, and by the way...

The coach motions to the door, Jan's gaze follows. There stands a tall blonde SUPERMODEL, 30, dressed impeccably. From the look of her makeup she's been crying a little.

JAN
Linda!

The coach looks at the doctor, confused.

COACH EGON
The bus driver?
(laughs)
Linda's in her 60's, Jan. That's
your girlfriend. Olivia.

Egon signals to Olivia. She comes to the table, her heels clicking the concrete. She leans over Jan, a huge, nurturing smile on her face.

OLIVIA
Darling. It's Olivia. I'm here.
Can't you see me?

Jan becomes more lucid. He tries to speak, but cannot. Or, will not. He slumps, like a man who has given up.

JAN
Where am I? Where is my family?

Olivia looks at the doc, who casually drinks a cup of coffee.

CLUB DOCTOR
Let's get him to hospital.

COACH EGON
Jan, we're sending you out for testing. It won't take long. Not much brain to scan anyway, right?
(laughs, looks to Olivia)
You should go with him.

Olivia nods. She's clearly a bit shaken, but remains strong.

COACH EGON (CONT'D)
Jan? Are you quite ready?

Jan nods. The doctor motions to a couple of ASSISTANTS, who bring a wheelchair. Egon and the doctor assist Jan, with help from the assistants they place Jan into the wheelchair. Jan is emotionally dazed. Olivia leans down.

OLIVIA
You'll be fine. I'll be waiting.

She kisses him on the lips, in a manner quite touching. Jan is wheeled away.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

Jan in hospital, being tested. MRI, X-ray, so on. Quick and sterile. Jan is calm throughout.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT PROCESSING - LATER

Jan being released from hospital, in a waiting area behind a glass enclosed lobby. There is a clock on the wall showing the time: 0549. Jan is standing and signing himself out at a desk here, where a female HOSPITAL ATTENDANT sits.

A DOCTOR, 50, enters and approaches Jan, paperwork in hand.

DOCTOR
Seems you're fine, Mr. Bakker. I suggest a day or two of simple rest and recovery. And, not getting kicked in the head, yes?
(Jan smiles, weakly)
I do have a question for you, though, if you don't mind.

JAN
Not at all.

DOCTOR

Can I, um— Sorry. Can I bother you
for an autograph? My daughter, you
know. She's a fan.

JAN

Of what?

There's a brief pause, and then the doctor nervously laughs.

JAN (CONT'D)

Why not.

The doctor slips a paper to Jan, and a pen. Jan puts it on
the desk, starts writing. Doctor looks over his shoulder.

DOCTOR

Her name is Chloé.

JAN

Good name.

DOCTOR

Oh, and your car is out back.

The doctor points toward the lobby, Jan's eyes follow. Behind
the glass divider in the reception area are several REPORTERS
from various media, clearly waiting to ambush. Jan smiles.

A HOSPITAL WORKER arrives, with wheelchair. Jan hands his
signature back to the doctor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Bakker. Please?

The doctor motions to the chair, Jan takes a seat.

JAN

(smiles)

It's "Jan". And thank you, doctor.

Jan is wheeled away by the worker.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

In the wheelchair, Jan emerges onto a loading dock with the
worker. A black 2025 Mercedes AMG S-63 sits nearby. Olivia
stands by the passenger door, smokes a clove cigarette. The
perfect vision from a Chanel ad.

Olivia drops the cigarette and crushes it out. The hospital
escort allows Jan up, who walks to Olivia completely unsure
of himself. What to do?

Olivia embraces him sensually, and with genuine caring. But, he resists.

JAN
Olivia, I— not now, please. Sorry.

OLIVIA
Are you in pain?

JAN
You've no idea.

OLIVIA
Did they give you anything for it?
We have cannabis at the apartment.

JAN
How long was I sleeping?

OLIVIA
On the field? Ten minutes. Less.

JAN
And...how long have you known me?

Olivia isn't mad or offended. She is, in fact, understanding.

OLIVIA
You should rest. Come.

She opens the passenger door. Jan examines the new Mercedes, gives in to the absurdity of it all. He takes his seat, Olivia closes the door, walks around to the driver side, opens the door, gets in. Engine starts.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ALMOST PRE-DAWN

The Mercedes drives by, moves very quickly.

INT. PENTHOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Dark. Door opens and Olivia enters with Jan behind. She hits an auto-shutter switch. A gorgeous pre-dawn Belgian skyline floods the scene. Amazing view.

The penthouse is a truly exquisite and tasteful space. Trophies, pictures, other memorabilia from Jan's successful football career are everywhere.

OLIVIA
Hungry?

JAN
No. But I would like a cigarette.

OLIVIA
(amused)
You *don't* smoke.

JAN
I used to. Please.

Olivia goes to her bag, grabs a Djarum cigarette for Jan, but is not happy about doing it. She brings it to him, a lighter in her other hand.

OLIVIA
Just this once.

Jan nods. He takes the cigarette, she lights it. He inhales.

Jan sits, looking not at the approaching sunrise, but at the living room wall. He quietly smokes.

JAN
I think you're a good person.

OLIVIA
After three years I would hope so!

JAN
Three years.
(a few beats)
Can I ask a favor? Can you leave me
to myself for a while? I'm not
being rude. I just...

Olivia looks a little hurt, and maybe just a little angry.

OLIVIA
No. I won't leave you here alone,
and Henriette won't be in today.

JAN
Who?

OLIVIA
(concerned)
Our cleaning lady, Jan. For the
last two years...?

JAN
Oh. Yes, yes, of course.

OLIVIA
I should call the doctor.

JAN

No, don't. Don't. I'm fine.

(beat)

Olivia, please. Just half and hour.

Ah! Perhaps— yes, perhaps if you went and got us some breakfast.

OLIVIA

(smiling)

Very clever.

She comes to him, wraps around him like a stole. He protects the cigarette.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Fine. But when I return, I want to find my lover returned, as well. Is that too much?

He smiles at her. She unwraps herself, grabs her bag.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

If you need me, call.

Her heels click across the marble, all the way to the door. She turns and blows him a kiss, then leaves.

Jan becomes stoic. He drags his cigarette. He stands and walks to the panoramic window. The sun is starting to show. The city below is coming alive. A new day.

Like a zombie, Jan moves to the center of the room and takes a seat on a beautiful Italian leather chair, which he explores with his hand. From the chair, he looks at the "new" life all around him.

Finally, he relaxes, puts his head on the chair rest and thinks. Jan leans forward, puts his face in his hands, like a child trying to escape a monster.

He removes his hands and leans back against the chair again, quietly suffering.

CUT TO BLACK:

JAN (V.O)

It has been four years since the dream. I will never talk about it. And I miss them all. Aearly.

FADE OUT:

Einde.